

## ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS

By Katherine M. Yates.

An enthusiastic Honolulu and an apparently unenthusiastic Hoosier were riding Waikiki-ward in a street car the other day. Said the Honolulu, with kindly condescension in his voice:

"How does our scenery compare with yours in Indiana?"

"Well," said the Hoosier, glancing out with a critical eye, "I suppose that the lumber is just as good, and they probably use as good a grade of paint; but it seems to me that they don't put it on quite so well as our men do—they haven't the real artistic touch. That cigar over there, for instance, —and the elbow of that man in the pink suit,—and the ear of the one on the rampart surfboard;—all out of drawing, absolutely out of drawing!"

The Honolulu was silent.

Half an hour later, as the two walked out Kalakaua avenue where the cocoanut and ironwood trees swayed and the purple-blue and pale green-blue ocean gleamed and flashed in the sunshine, the Honolulu regained his enthusiasm.

"How does this scenery compare with yours?" he asked, loftily.

The Hoosier touched his tongue to his lips and gritted his teeth contemptuously. "The flavor is much the same," he said, and running his fingers around the edge of his collar, "the texture doesn't seem to be very different; but it isn't stationary enough to suit me. There's a lot of water and it is a good color all right, and considerable land of varying degrees of density for some distance above the surface proper; now if you could devise some scheme for making your scenery a little more compact, so that one might get on top of it, instead of walking through it and swallowing it and breathing it into his vitals, it wouldn't be bad at all. You see, there's a little too much separateness between your water and your land. How would it be if you were to combine them a trifle,—it's a mere suggestion of mine, you know,—but suppose that you were to put a slight layer of the water over the land, a mere sprinkling now and then just so that you could come temporarily to the surface and breathe,—don't you consider that it would add to the landscape? Try it some time, as an experiment."

The Honolulu said nothing. He couldn't think of the right thing to say. They strolled across the park and on toward Wai'alae road. The scent of acacias and oleanders was in the air and the roadsides were bordered with beautiful wild growths, luxuriant and brilliant. The Honolulu, a fervent lover of nature, gradually gathered enthusiasm again.

"Our roadsides are always beautiful," he said, "and always the same from month to month,—never any change."

"Yes," said the Hoosier, "I have noticed. I came across here two months ago and all was exactly the same as now;—the same piles of rusty cans and wash-basins and dish-pans in exactly the same places. That teakettle over there had precisely the same tilt then that it has now,—that Rockefeller can hold exactly the same quantity of water, the broken bottle lay at the same angle;—yes, you are right, your road-sides never change,—they are always, always the same."

"Hum," said the Honolulu.

"Would you mind telling me, though," went on the Hoosier, "what is the idea of arranging these collections of tin-ware in these many and various points? I have wondered about it frequently since I came, for I find them in all my walks,—they are here, they are all along the roads in the Punchbowl district, they appear constantly. What is the idea of it? With us, we don't collect them, we toss them out wherever it comes handy, as if they had no value; but you collect and make permanent exhibits of them. I have wondered if it might be for the purpose of making it plain to the traveler that the Sandwich Islands are so far civilized as to find use for tea-kettles and oil-cans and wash-basins. Is that the intention?"

The Honolulu cheered up a little. "That," he said, with due pride, "is the work of our mosquito campaign."

"Oh," said the Hoosier, "a campaign to breed mosquitoes! I see. Of course these articles accomplish the purpose perfectly. But what was the idea in breeding mosquitoes here?"

"Not to breed them, to eradicate them. These things were gathered together from the adjoining tracts to eradicate the mosquitoes."

"How interesting!" said the Hoosier. "Science certainly is wonderful, is it not? And so it has been discovered that mosquitoes will breed in scattered receptacles; but that by collecting the receptacles into groups, they will be annihilated. Most interesting. And by the way, I wanted to ask you—"

But the Honolulu had taken to the tall grass under cover of a cloud of landscape raised by a passing automobile.

I don't see the least bit of difference, excepting in size and irritating properties, between a copiously illustrated billboard and a kapu sign. There is certainly no difference in the resultant effect. The idea of organizing to boycott the billboard advertisers is absurd, even if it were not against the law to do so. We don't have to organize in order to condemn other disturbers of our peace, and why should we in this instance, since every citizen and citizen-ess and citizen-keiki with the slightest particle of civic pride, sees the name of a billboard commodity or firm as if surmounted by a fine, large, mental kapu sign. What use to get people to combine to do what they will do anyway unless they are "undesirable citizens?" Of course those who advertise upon the billboards do it under the mistaken notion that their business will be augmented thereby; whereas, in a community such as this, where everyone loves the wonderful beauty of form and coloring and sky-line, and recognizes that we are favored in these points above the inhabitants of all other countries on the globe, it will not take long for the advertisers to discover their mistake,—and probably at considerable cost to themselves. But that is as it should be. The man who rates the home pride, the appreciation of what is best, the good taste of his fellow men at too low an appraisal, surely deserves to lose in the process of learning to place them at their proper standard.

## ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS CELEBRATES ITS NINETY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

In celebration of the ninety-third anniversary of the founding of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows the local fraternal order held an elaborate social function in Odd Fellows' Hall last night which was attended by more than five hundred persons.

The festivity opened with a formal literary program on the second floor, Dr. H. T. Hollman, chairman of the committee in charge, read the proclamation and delivered a brief address of welcome, after which a prayer was offered by Chaplain Tschudi. Mrs. M. W. Tschudi then played a piano solo and the program closed with a recitation by W. G. Chalmers.

At the close of the literary program the third floor and the roof garden were thrown open to the whist players and the dancers. The younger element took over the dance hall on the roof garden, where the Kawaihau Quintet Club furnished the music, while the elders packed the card-room on the third floor and were more busy in a great round of progressive whist. At nine-thirty o'clock, during an intermission, refreshments were served after which the party returned to the ball and the card tables. The decorations of the ballroom, lighted by Japanese lanterns and draped with flags and bunting, were quite attractive.

On the committee in charge were Doctor Hollman and L. Petrie. The members of the general committee were C. Evenson, A. F. Clark, W. G. Chalmers, E. A. Jacobson, Miss Amy Bicknell, Miss Jennie Macaulay and A. Myhre.

**Dr. J. Collis Browne's**

**Chlorodyne**

**THE ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.**

Acts like a Charm in  
**DIARRHOEA**, and is  
the only Specific in  
**CHOLERA** and  
**DYSENTERY.**

Checks and arrests  
**FEVER, CROUP, AGUE.**  
The Best Remedy known for  
**COUGHS, COLDS,**  
**ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

The only Palliative in **NEURALGIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.**  
Convincing Medical Testimony accompanies each Bottle.  
Sole in America by all Chemists.  
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Nothing is so characteristic of the fortitude and endurance of the Japanese, say the dispensary nurses of the Palama Settlement, as the bearing of the little children who come to them for relief. Under the severest tests these little Asahi children bear pain with indifference and a stoicism which is the marvel of physicians and nurses.

"There was a little fellow in the Pohukaina School," the Kakaako nurse relates, "who came to school a few weeks ago with a big gash in his leg to which he was sublimely indifferent. His home was on Kukui street and I urged him to go to the Palama dispensary and have the wound dressed. This advice he ignored and as time went on the cut grew worse instead of healing. A few days ago it was so serious that I took him to a physician and it was then found that gangrene had set in. Flesh had to be clipped away, the wound cauterized with acid, stitches taken in it and the leg carefully bound up—in all a long and extremely painful operation. This little Japanese lad never showed by a tremor or a change of expression the least sign of fear or pain but watched the proceeding with interest and marched away when the operation was finished as though such treatment was of daily occurrence."

"This same fortitude is shown by the babies as soon as they can walk. Youngsters two and three years old come limping in here to have splinters removed from their feet a half inch long and laugh about it, and this same fortitude is brought out the more strikingly by the panic which the glimpse of a knife, needle or other implement occasions in the minds of the grown-up patients of other nations."

I see that it is suggested that Kuhio be run as the Republican candidate for the mayoralty and that Bob Shingle be given a chance to measure his political popularity against that of the Never Missing Link for the delegateship. We could stand having Kuhio for mayor, all right, to get rid of Joe Fern and his funnysims, if for no other reason, but why the suggestion of his candidacy? It will be noticed that the proposal comes in this way: "Give Kuhio the job." It is not suggested by anyone that Honolulu should have a good mayor and that Kuhio is the man best able to give Honolulu good service. It is not a case of giving Honolulu anything, but a case of giving Kuhio something.

What a good many people would like answered is this: What is the mayor-alty of Honolulu for, anyhow? Is it provided in order that someone may have a fairly well salaried job with no work attached, or is it something established for the general benefit of the community that pays the salary? Of course, everyone who knows the history of the Municipal Act knows that the position of mayor was created to give John C. Lane a political reward, but surely the intention is not to keep on paying out good money to dubs of the Fern order in the hope that Lane may ultimately be elected? If that be the case, it will be cheaper to pension Lane right away and abolish the office, because he will never reach it through the ballot box in a million years. If, on the other hand, there is a lingering hope that the mayor's salary will some day be paid to someone who can earn it and give the city a quid pro quo, then cut out the "give Kuhio the place" talk and let us send the job out hunting for the man who can best fill it and make of the position something better than an expensive joke.

The Shingle talk for the delegateship is no surprise to me. I ventured the opinion several months ago that Robert W. was the man principally engaged in stoking the fires under Kuhio and heating him up to the explosion point against the Governor, with the idea in mind that Kuhio could be made to blow off so much steam that his re-nomination would become an impossibility. Then, the city treasurer, who had "saved the plantations" from McCandless in 1910, could claim his reward, gracefully step into Kuhio's shoes and go to congress. Nothing has developed to make me think my ideas of several months ago were in the main not correct.

Shingle is affected with the same itch that got Caesar into trouble and concluded in a state funeral and an oration that worries the Latin class even to this date. Ambition, with an upper case A has spurred Shingle on and kept him going along the upward path until he has now reached the slippery crags. Here is where he has to look out. The higher he goes, the longer the fall if he slips, and he may take it from me that his path to the delegateship has been greased. Before he reaches out for more, he will have to stand where he is for a while and take a look about him. If he does he will discover that there are quite a lot of other people in Hawaii besides himself.

At any rate, it is about time to reverse the political game for a while and, instead of distributing the offices around among those who want them, distribute our men around among the offices they can fill to the best advantage of the public.

Do you know that the Home Rule legislature of Hawaii anticipated Theodore Roosevelt and the strenuous national insurgents of the day in one of their principal new doctrines? In that historic session wherein the Cannon Bill of Kohala began his rolling and nearly busted the overworked welkin, a humble member introduced a law having to do, I think, with taxes, and concluding with a section destined to secure its place on the statute books of the land regardless of what the courts might say. "This law," said the final section of the brilliant act in question, "shall not be declared unconstitutional." This section was a beautiful and simple device, but it occasioned considerable amusement at the expense of the honorable who fathered it. Now comes a member of congress with a bill to stop the Supreme Court of the United States from declaring laws unconstitutional, and Roosevelt is on the rampage along the same lines, while several American magazines have taken the matter up. Once again Hawaii is shown in the lead. That little sentence "This law shall not be declared unconstitutional" ought to earn a monument for someone.

"As a matter of record —," as Robert C. Lydecker, Esq., might remark, this one ought to be filed for reference somewhere, where it would point a moral about a knowledge of documents in its relation to a knowledge of that most necessary thing, the coin of the realm. It emphasizes most sorrowfully, too, the fact that a complete acquaintance with musty, moth-eaten history sources is possible without familiarity with such a thing, for instance, as a hundred-dollar bill!

Mr. Lydecker is at present one of those fortunate ones who inhabit the Wilhelmiana and Imbibe Shiner cheer as he goes to the Los Angeles Shiner high jinks. The ways and means that made the trip possible, especially referring to Mr. Lydecker, are, of course, too sacred for print but it is at least permissible to speak of the delusion under which our genial archivist labored just previous to his departure.

One morning early he walked out on the sidewalk to pick up his Advertiser and found lying beside it a hundred-dollar bill. At that very moment, the relation of an archivist's salary to the expense of a Shiner going to Los Angeles was weighing heavily on his mind, but not so heavily that when he picked up the hundred-dollar bill he could not cut a delicate caper on his front lawn.

He at once readjusted the figures with which he had laboriously reduced the relation spoken about to a form at which he could shake his fist and so altered them that he found he could easily take in a majority of the "side shows" of the big Shiner carnival without contracting a mortgage.

Mr. Lydecker had never in his life seen a hundred-dollar bill, and had not,

indeed, even an idea that so much wealth was ever confined to such a small area, but he was willing to take the existence of hundred-dollar bills for granted. He at once telephoned to whatever committee was in charge of shipping Shriners to the Coast and engaged his reservation.

At last the ecstatic moment arrived when he could turn over the archival vault to the care of Chief Clerk Mahaulu, lock up the receipt Prince Cupid gave him for the Kalakaua silverware and redeem his reservation with the cold hard cash represented by his hundred-dollar bill.

As he left his office, however, he dropped in to drop a tear of farewell on the devoted head of his dear friend, David Lloyd Conkling, the treasurer of the Territory. A natural pride caused him to exhibit his bill. The treasurer first squinted at it and then he squinted at Robert C. Then he spoke words of wisdom to this effect:

"My dear Robert, with all due regard to your well-known and genuine attainments along lines relating to the musty and antique chronology of these Hawaiian Islands, I am afraid that your training for life has been purely academical. While my heart leaps responsively at every sign of inward joy in my fellowbeings and while I shudder at the prospect of dampening even the slightest indication of that most desirable of all emotions, I feel compelled, as between man and man, to inform you that this hundred-dollar bill is what is commonly known as 'College currency' and is used with varying success on the stage to portray the transfer of tainted wealth from the pudgy oratorical hand of the undesirable citizen to the bleary-eyed being known as the ward politician."

As before remarked, the origin of the substituted ways and means that sends Mr. Lydecker to the Coast are too sacred to print.

Does it occur to many that the contempt felt towards J. Bruce Ismay, because he escaped the fatal consequences of the order he is supposed to have given Captain Smith of the Titanic to "make a record," should be held in part in reserve for minor offenders along the same lines? Every automobile speeder on the streets of this city who drives for time and imperils the lives of those with him in his machine and those around him on the public ways is as deserving of contempt and equally culpable as Ismay. The White Star managing director got into a lifeboat and left innocent passengers to drown. In Honolulu we have automobilists who have killed pedestrians and then driven gaily away to luaus. We have automobilists who have smashed their cars into people upon the street and gone on in drunken glee, leaving mangled bodies to lie where they fell. Every day we may see intoxicated persons at the wheels of automobiles, their very presence in the machines being a menace to life and limb, potentially Ismay's on a small scale.

Ismay is being hounded because he failed to stay aboard the Titanic and face death with the victims of his company's orders and among those who hiss his name are employers who are, in a desire for profit, killing men and women by the score, just as directly as the desire of the White Star owners for speed killed its sixteen hundred. Tenement owners who fail in their duty towards their tenants and in their failure condemn scores to all the suffering of tuberculosis, legislators who drive dirty bargains with politicians whereby urgent sanitary measures are suppressed or retarded in exchange for the votes of those who profit at the expense of the public health, prosecuting officers and judges who favor wealthy violators of laws for the public protection, they are as contemptible in every way as Ismay and just as responsible every week for a bigger death list.

Blame the Titanic owners for not having lifeboats, if you will, but do not overlook the hotel owner who skimps on fire escapes, or the grafter who winks at white slavery, or the man who rents his property for immoral purposes. There are plenty of Ismay's in this world, and even Honolulu is not free of them.

## Small Talks

**SUPERVISOR KRUGER.**—Talk about being a supervisor, there's nothing in it. I'm going to write a book about being a supervisor.

**HARRY LAKE, special detective.**—The city attorney's office didn't ask for a nol. pro. all day yesterday. The courts weren't in session.

**HOP SING.**—Bimeby I hanahana paikau plenty. No give police bribe, only present. Mistler Brown be speak pololei. Present alright; no pilikia.

**ALBERT HORNER.**—If there is any plan to homestead the lands of Kukui-plantation I have not heard of it. I don't think there is anything in the proposition.

**MRS. KALAKIELA.**—Our hat is in the ring, all right, but we will have to take it out and throw in another one pretty soon. The fashions in millinery do change so quickly.

**JACK KUOMAA.**—I hear somebody of the Maunua precinct like to make some slate for supervisor and put B. von Damm's name on the ticket. I tell you nothing doing. J. Harris Mackenzie for us every time.

**TREASURER CONKLING.**—If they want to fight our assessments let them do so. They will have to fight to the last court of appeal and when it is all over we will know just where we stand and what we may do in future.

**JOHN SMITH.**—I note with pleasure that Prince Henry XXXVII of Reuss, the son of the late Prince Henry XVIII, is to visit America with the German cruiser squadron. I am wondering what has become of the intervening nineteen Henrys, though.

**FIRE CHIEF THURSTON.**—The auto fire trucks we will take around the city today for the people to see are only the first, I hope, of several gasoline-driven fire fighting machines. Honolulu has grown so and the suburbs are so widely separated that we must have quick machines to get to fires in.

**W. H. HOOGE.**—I covered the route taken in the Orient by Secretary Wood of the promotion committee, and found that he left a trail of promotion literature which was conspicuously displayed. In only one out-of-the-way place did I have any trouble in finding any, and then it was produced from under a counter. Mr. Wood did splendid work on his last oriental trip. In order to keep this up I believe a man should be sent out from Honolulu at least once a year checking up the literature distribution.

## When St. George's Day Was Celebrated

While St. George's Day slipped by this year without celebration in this city, memory goes back to many pleasurable occasions in the past, when the day, April 23, was fittingly observed in Honolulu. Even so long ago as 1864, St. George's Day was one of the most conspicuous dates on the calendar and upon that occasion there was a great gathering in the new Public Hall, among whom were most of the leading British residents.

W. W. F. Sygne, British commissioner, presided as toastmaster at the banquet. Among the speakers were Rev. Mr. Ibbotson, Judge A. G. M. Robertson, R. C. Wyllie, Henry Rhodes, W. L. Green and John Montgomery.

**Fancy Ball of Same Period.**

Another memorable occasion of the same year was the "Children's Fancy Ball," held at the British Legation on the evening of March 29. A number of Honolulu's prominent residents of today participated in that event. Mr. and Mrs. Sygne greeted the children as they entered.

Then forming into couples, the youngsters, in handsome costumes, promenaded around the room, saluting His Majesty King Kamehameha V. and Queen Emma, who were present. Among the chief characters were the King and Queen of Hearts (Master Eddie Macfarlane and Miss Blanche Macfarlane), attended by their knight, the Jack of Hearts (Master W. Macfarlane); Robinson Crusoe (Master Cecil Brown) and his man Friday (Master Malcolm Brown) and the May Queen (Miss May Severance).

Among the other participants were Miss Middle Sygne, Masters Robbie, Frank, Gilbert and Thackeray Sygne, Master R. C. Wyllie, Miss Batty Robinson, Miss Tilly Robinson, Master Ramsey Von Pfister, Master Bruce Cartwright, Master Ally Cartwright, Miss Edith Staley, Miss Blanche Staley, Master Leleiboku, Master Marcus Colburn, Miss Helen Aldrich, Master Willie Aldrich, Miss Nannie Harris, Miss Maude Dudge, Misses Mary and Alice Green, Misses Annie, Bernice and Jennie Parks, Miss Fanny Bates, Miss Mary Bates, Master Basil Scott, Miss Lucetta Green, Miss Florence Robertson, Miss Maggie Guilion, Master Morris Bates, Master James Monarrat, Master Harry Luce, Misses Florence and Alice Luce, Miss Lavinia Morgan, Master Clarence Macfarlane, Miss Dori and Annie Heuck, Miss Annie Aldrich, Miss Annie Babcock, Misses Josephine and Nelly Bernard, Master Edward Bernard, Master Herbert Austin, Miss Lizzie Robertson, Miss Sarah Colburn, Miss Annie Clouston, Miss Katie Dickson, Miss Bertha Burbank and Miss Sarah Hyde.

After dancing and games, supper was served and the event is still remembered with pleasure by the "grown-ups," who, as children, made merry upon that occasion.